



My Shattered Heart



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Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

It took me awhile to figure it out--that I loved him. Once I did, it all started making sense; my always thinking of him, my every action based on what he would think, my every breath breathed with him in mind.

Our last day together still hangs on my memory, refusing to let go. I was held safely and tightly in his arms, my own wrapped about his neck, pulling him closer. I can still feel his pounding heartbeat, the warmth of his breath on my neck, the contentment and fervent fondness in his embrace. I was happy then; truly happy. Nothing could have made me more satisfied than being in his arms.

And nothing could have really prepared me for the day I lost him.

Chapter 2 by R



There's something called survivors guilt, where the one who lives where others die blames themselves for what happened. The therapists say that's what I have, that this wasn't anyone else's fault.

It doesn't feel like that when I sat there crying and while he was so brave, so foolishly brave and so foolishly dead.

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What's the phrase? It should be "I should have" instead of "I should have". No, I should have stopped him. No, I should have died as well.

If only fate would have let us stay together instead of tearing us apart.

I always wondered why love and anger shared a color when they were two opposite emotions. I think I understand why now.

Because both will rule and ruin your lives, lead you to crash into all the trees until you bleed, and there is nothing that can stop those two emotions, those two key emotions.

I think I understand a lot of things, now, but none of them bring me any comfort.

Chapter 3 by StanG



Remembering that day always brings the heartache - dreadful, cloying - to the fore. His deep, rumbling voice washing over my entire body, I ached - yes, ached - for him to become one with me. I would give myself to him completely, even though we had only known each other for a short while.

The recollection of his full-throated laugh still warms my heart and sends a silent shiver down my spine, bringing with it a long-dormant and wistful smile on my own face.

That terrible day started out as care-free as the others before when we met by our oak tree - the huge, ancient and solitary giant in a large park beside the lake. We would always meet here, against all the warnings of my friends and family. He was no good. He would ruin my life and lead me astray. What did they all know of true love? Why must they try to ruin the one good relationship I had ever known in my life? Why would they prefer me to live alone, unloved, desolate and deserted?

Well, we would show them. All the plans had been made for that night when we would leave all the naysayers behind and travel the world, wrapped in the bliss of fresh love.

Chapter 4 by Jayde Avalon



But then he hurt me

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Then he brought out beer.

"Joseph," I whispered, disbelieving, "you know we're too young.."

He laughed that beautiful, intoxicating laugh that made me go jelly.

"Come on, Kortlynnne!" He bumped my arm. "What we're about to do isn't all that legal, either. Well, not for you, at least." He leaned close to me and kissed me on the cheek. "Don't worry. I won't let you get in trouble."

And so we drank.

After a couple bottles each, we were definitely tipsy. People do stupid things when they're drunk. I made the two greatest mistakes of my life.

We leaned against the oak tree, me wrapped in his arms, him rubbing my back. His hands gradually began to rove about farther and more daringly than my back, and he began to smother me with kisses. I was stupid enough not to realize what was going on, so I kissed him back. I let him unbutton my jeans. I watched him undo his.

And that was the first of my grave mistakes.

Minutes later, drunk on alcohol and adrenaline, we set out on our trip. He insisted on driving, which I only let him do after he recited the quadratic formula to me, so I could make sure he wasn't too out of it. The driving was great for a while.

Then it started raining.

Neither of us could see the lines on the road. We were beyond the city limits, in wide open countryside, so there was no place to stop and wait out the storm. We kept going. I could feel the car swerve--I shouted at him to watch out--I grabbed at the steering wheel and tried to pull it...

But I was too late.

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The semi took off the driv

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Tore it clean off.

My seatbelt prevented me flying out of the remaining half of car, but the latter rolled like a tumbleweed and plummeted into the ditch beside the highway.

Then, all went black.

Chapter 5 by Raging Wolf



I woke up to an awful screeching sound. It was dark and foggy, the flashing lights of the fire trucks and ambulances created a strange setting for this horror concert. The muffled roar of the sound of engines running and people talking and machinery squeaking and metal crunching drowned out all my thoughts.

My eyes focused on a firefighter standing in front of me, motioning to a paramedic. I looked down at my chest to see blood everywhere. The paramedic bandaged my arm. I didn't feel any pain.

Oh. So that's where all the blood came from.

There was another firefighter using some big tool to cut the crushed car from around me. All three men were calm, their eyes were motioning to me to let my anxiety out.

I was going to be okay.

All I could think about was life. Me. How I was alive. I thought I couldn't live without him, and here I am. Alive, without him.

They finished cutting the car. They put me on a backboard to immobilize me to protect my spine. I was on a stretcher, in an ambulance, in the hospital, then in the Emergency Room. I could read a nurse's lips- I had lost a lot of blood and a good chunk of muscle as well.

I might lose my arm.

But I lost him. Maybe I wasn't going to be okay.

A mask came down over my face. I got sleepy.... I went under.

I woke up feeling alright. I couldn't see him, but I knew he was there. It was all a blur. They said the surgery went well. I would keep my arm, but it wouldn't be at full strength ever again. Oh well... I'm alive.

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But he isn't. What is his name again? I don't remember the sound of his voice either. Or what he looked like. It seemed like a million years and a billion thoughts and feelings flew by in an instant.

The firefighters and EMTs and paramedics and nurses and doctors were so nice. My family was there at my side. My friends too. They cared about me very much.

A week later I was out of the hospital.

Chapter 6 by Raging Wolf



All these years, and my life changed in a matter of seconds. Not just one thing to set me on a different course, but a series of events that redirected everything about me. I've changed.

Mom and dad weren't too happy to hear what went on before the wreck. But they were there to just help me back on my feet (quite literally those first few days) and to get used to my "new" life. It was hard adjusting to everything.

Kim and Abbey came over to my house to hang out with me and talk. They ended up staying the night, which is fine by me since you can never have enough time with your best friends. Time flies by when you're happy and having fun with friends.

It goes by so fast that some names fade from memory in spite of everything. I hardly think about Joseph any more. When I do, all I see is an average guy who loved me but cared too much about me and not enough about anyone or anything else. That's why he brought the beer, why he drove right after drinking. That's how he wrecked. He didn't really care for me.

I've been single for a while now. Other things have taken priority, like school, my job, and just hanging out with friends. I figure if there's a guy out there, he'll find me and I'll find him when the time is right. But that's for some other time.

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Anne Radmacher, who said, "Courage doesn't always roar. Sometimes courage is the quiet voice at the end of the day saying 'I will try again tomorrow.'"

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